

"MODERN MAN," NOVEMBER 16TH, 1912.

TWO BIG MONEY COMPETITIONS.

£250 FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS

NO
ENTRANCE
FEE.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 211.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH, 1912.

(Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.)

ONE PENNY.



Why the White Slave Traffic-Bill is Necessary.

Modern Man

No. 211. Week ending November 16. One Penny.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

Lash for Bullies.

On this subject we speak plainly on another page.

Mr. S. F. Cody told the Boy Scouts of Islington that he hoped to see aeroplanes used by Boy Scouts for the protection of the British nation.

The Boy Scouts of the British nation are plucky, gritty, manly little chaps, who won't take kindly to spoof of this sort—Yankee sort.

The aeroplane, Mr. Cody continued, would rule the world in another ten years. Perhaps—but at present the world is trying to learn how to rule the aeroplane.

Fire, Fools, and a Hero.

What can usefully be said about the fatal fire at John Barker's? Next to nothing. Practically every fire is attributable to a preventable cause. Something or somebody is practically always to be blamed. Theoretically, we are safeguarded, but we have bitter and frequent cause to know that we are not safe.

"If it had not been for fools in the crowd shouting 'Jump!' we should have saved every one of the girls," said one of the firemen at this last conflagration. 'Tis scant consolation to know that the fools meant well, though they did so ill.

As usual, the hour produced the hero—in this case Fireman A. G. Ayres, of whose bravery it is good to read. Almost, or quite, before the escape apparatus could be properly fixed, he was mounting. He saved life, at the ready risk of his own life. Scarred, burnt, wounded, and glorified, he was borne to hospital.

Shortage of Teachers.

According to the London Teachers' Association, we are threatened with a somewhat serious shortage of teachers in a few years' time.

Various reasons are assigned, but the outstanding fact is insufficiently emphasised that teachers are miserably underpaid. In the matter of acquirements and qualifica-

tions, we are increasingly prodigal in our demands; when it comes to a question of paying for them, considerations of parsimony are paramount.

Poverty's Treadmill.

At a Bethnal Green inquest the other day on a widow who died of exhaustion through starvation, and who for some time previously had been earning only 7s. per week, the coroner commented on the tragedy of such poor widows. He said they earned so little that they had to struggle on to the last, as to give up meant starvation. A little "patching up," if these poor widows could afford it, would often mean the prolonging of life.

We entirely agree. What is more, we think the question of whether they can or cannot afford it, ought not to matter. A municipal "patching up" depot, or home of rest for really deserving widows, should be installed in every town and borough. It could be done by judiciously saving money now wasted in other ways.

Lincoln Man's Heartless Conduct.

The Coroner who held the inquest on Florence Adams, of Hull, told the man, whose betrayal and desertion had driven her to suicide, that everyone who read the case would condemn his heartless conduct.

We are in cordial agreement with the Coroner, and hence give still wider publicity to the affair, that no one may be ignorant of it.

The name of the individual is Alfred Coult, of New Boutham, Lincoln. For seven years he was engaged to the unhappy girl, during five of which, as she said in two pathetic letters she left behind her, she had been his body and soul. Then "he found someone he liked better," and without the least compunction cast her aside.

Such a person deserves to be hooted and hissed wherever recognised, and if the girl whose younger charms provided him with an excuse to play the cur, doesn't sever her connection with him, she will deservedly share his odium.

"Class" before Country.

If inconsistency can condemn, Mr. Robert Blatchford has discredited himself for ever. Two or three years ago he was all for compulsory military service in this country. Now he declares that "the workers" would be "fools" to "trust the capitalist and aristocratic gang with increased military power." Another choice term of his for "the gang" is "unscrupulous exploiters."

If "we have to choose between universal service and invasion," he says, "I, for one, reply deliberately that I regard invasion as the lesser evil." At the same time, he confesses that "a military débâcle would be a terrible calamity."

Why does he oppose now what he advocated so strongly and so recently? He tells us all about it. It is because troops were called out during the late strike disturbances—called out, as every impartial man knows as well as Mr. Blatchford knows it, for the simple purpose of preserving law and order. It is untrue to say that troops were employed as "blacklegs."

Mr. Blatchford is a man of intelligence and ability. It is a pity that such a man should prostitute his influence by teaching "the workers" that other classes, many members of whom work harder, are their natural enemies.

Sermon Without Words.

We are still being asked questions about the wonderful Kalem pictures taken in Palestine, collectively entitled "From Manger to Cross." When, where, and to whom are we prepared to justify or advocate their public exhibition?

Well, were we evangelists, our solicitude, first and foremost, would be to show these sacred illustrations to sinners, not to saints. Saints they can only edify—sinners they may sanctify. As only what we are, we would have them exhibited where thieves, drunkards, rogues, vagabonds, blackguards, the fallen, and the outcast, and the lost, swarm thickest.

In turn and periodically we would have them taken into every prison in the land, and shown in all the convict establishments, that the vision of criminals might be flooded with the screened splendour of a wordless sermon.

SEND YOUR FORECASTS.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.



On Bended Knee : Turkey's "Lion" now a Lamb.

Free Churchmen and Rifle Practice.

The Wesleyan Methodists and the other sectarians, all put together, supply, in relation to their number, an altogether disproportionately small number of Territorials.

But two deputations appointed by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference and the National Free Church Council have been bothering Col. Seely again on the subject of Sunday rifle practice. This the War Office permit, but this the War Office do nothing to encourage.

They recognise the religious claims of Sunday by their order that when troops, unable to meet there on any other day, meet at the butts on that day, a religious service is to be held. The attitude of the authorities is clearly defined and entirely consistent at every point. We simply have not patience to go all over the ground once more.

Would it be wrong, we ask the "Free Churches," to shoot an invader on Sunday, in defence of hearth, home—and chapel? They dare not reply "yes." Then, how on earth can it be wrong to learn on Sunday how to do what it would not be wrong to do on Sunday?

An invader who could offer such violence to the Nonconformist conscience as to effect a landing on Sunday would start shooting at once—he wouldn't wait to inquire the shortest cut to the nearest place of worship.

* * *

Sunday "Pictures."

The Bishop of Birmingham has some sensible things to say about Sunday cinematograph shows. Utilise them on Sundays, he advises, not only in directly religious work, but also in the provision of antidotes against some of the special temptations which beset people on that day, among which he places that of merely loafing about the streets.

He points out that "we cannot expect every one to be in church or chapel"—a very reasonable non-expectation indeed. "I believe that a very genuine help towards a higher and better life might be given by the exhibition, through the cinematograph, of subjects properly selected under a broad and yet careful supervision."

Not a talker only but a doer, the Bishop is in consultation with those best able to advise him how to give practical effect to these views.

M.P.'s as Paid Officials.

Mr. William Hammill, of Broadwater, Sussex, considers that the payment of Members of Parliament puts them on the footing of paid officials—and we really can't see how his contention can be upset. He bases on it a practical suggestion for the abatement of the congestion of business in the House of Commons.

As paid officials, he argues, members should be amenable to the same laws and regulations as direct commercial and industrial undertakings throughout the Kingdom. "Instead of transacting the business of the Empire late in the afternoon and proceeding to the small hours of the following morning, members should be in their places at 10 a.m., and sit until 6 p.m., with intervals for luncheon and tea." This arrangement, he urges, would obviate the necessity of all-night sittings, and would "tend to promote legislation of a more useful and lucid character."

It is to be supposed that Mr. Hammill would spring a bit extra for over-time. His suggestion impresses us—but the thought of honourable members signing on and signing off is rather disconcerting. At what rate would Mr. Hammill fine them for turning up late?

* * *

Judge and Ex-Naval Officer.

We have already had occasion to pillory Tristan de la Poer Beresford, retired naval officer. Failing to profit by the experience, he has been up to his tricks again; and this time the judicial handling of his case must have surprised him in a most unpleasant degree. He has been sentenced to six months' hard labour for an assault, "occasioning actual bodily harm," on a gardener.

"It is a very painful thing for me to have to sentence a man in your position," said the Judge, "but there is not one law for the rich and one for the poor. I treat you as I would a labourer."

It is well his lordship emphasised the point. If all judges were equally firm and consistent when dealing with men of the Tristan de la Poer Beresford type, there could not be even the suspicion that rich and poor are judged according to diversities of law.

FREE TO ALL READERS. OUR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

Wouldn't it be as well if gates belonging to public subways and other passages were secured in such a way, when open, that they could not be closed by unauthorised persons? Had such an obviously common-sense practice been in operation, at least two daring daylight robberies of recent date would probably have been abortive. When an accomplice has merely to pull to a gate and padlock it in the very teeth of pursuit, success is, of course, assured.

Trouble in Our Banks.

Rumours of widespread dissatisfaction among bank clerks have been so prevalent of late, that we have thought it desirable to investigate them, and information elicited from a cashier in a prosperous West Country bank shows some ground for complaint.

In spite of the very meagre salaries paid to bank servants, the bank claims absolute disposal of the clerk's spare time, as is shown by printed rules, kept at all branches, from which we give extracts:—

"No clerk must be on terms of friendship or share rooms with a clerk in any other bank; clerks must not frequent public houses; they may not engage in any form of trade or profession, but must constantly aim at promoting the interests of the bank and obtaining new accounts. Clerks contemplating marriage must at once communicate the fact to Head Office."

The object of the last regulation, it was explained, is that the clerk shall not have an interest in the town outside his work; for as soon as they hear of his engagement, his Head Office move the clerk to a town as far distant as possible from that in which his fiancée lives.

System of "Secret Reports."

But it is the system of "secret reports," that is responsible for most of the prevalent discontent; it is a system abhorrent to all men of honour. The better paid posts are reserved almost exclusively for those who have been instrumental in the detection of small irregularities on the part of their fellows, such as breaches of the above-quoted arbitrary rules.

Anything and everything may be reported, and the informer is always shielded, often rewarded. The pay and prospects of the honourable clerk are so poor, that one can hardly blame him if his honour succumbs, and he becomes a spy; the shame lies with those in authority who tempt him. These are not the branch managers; the "spy" system is worked entirely from Head Office.

H.M.S. Torch.

Lord Charles Beresford never did better service than in calling attention to the scandal of H.M.S. Torch, which was sent to sea in a dangerous condition.

In reply to questions in the House, Mr. Churchill, here the party politician, gave evasive answers and refused an inquiry.

We agree with Lord Charles Beresford that the public should demand a full investigation.

In 1871 H.M.S. Magira was sent to sea in an unseaworthy condition, and was wrecked. A Royal Commission was appointed, and in the result those responsible were severely censured.

We cannot think why the First Lord of the Admiralty should refuse a very necessary inquiry.

Bluejackets' Pay.

If the bluejacket does not get the better pay he was practically promised last July, we fear there will be serious disturbances in the Fleet.

Out of his 1s. 8d. a pay the sailor has to pay for all his uniform, and for a great deal of his food, the official rations being quite insufficient. The result is that he rarely has any pocket-money to play with, a fact which does not make for contentment.

Hundreds of good men are chucking our Navy for the Australian and Canadian navies, in which they get a living wage—and more.

11s. 8d. a week for the bluejacket, who nowadays must possess first-class mental and physical qualities, is £8 a week for the party automatic voting machine.

Colonel Seely and Ex-Soldiers.

We understand that the Little Englanders are combining to present the Secretary of State for War with an illuminated address.

If they aren't, it is high time they did, for Colonel Seely must be a man after their own chicken-hearts.

His latest exploit is to throw cold water on a scheme to establish private labour bureaux for the benefit of ex-soldiers

Colonel Seely is apparently satisfied with the disgraceful state of affairs which permits the man who has faithfully served his country to sink into the workhouse, the ranks of the unemployed, and the gutter.

Colonel Seely, it will be remembered, objects to any idea of compulsory military training, and apparently he objects to our having an Army at all.

Anyway, he is doing his best to make the Army unpopular.

Mockery of Justice.

Week after week, from all quarters, instances are conspicuous of magisterial culpability in abusing the discretionary power of fining instead of imprisoning. From several new cases almost as glaringly illustrative, we select the following from Tottenham, where a woman was charged with cruelty to her little step-son of five years of age.

A doctor certified that the child was bruised all over its body, arms, legs, and shoulders, having evidently been beaten with a cane. There were 29 bruises. A school teacher described the poor little mite as a mass of bruises and weals—even its wrists were cut. A neighbour deposed that she had heard the child's cries of pain and protest. She had seen his face wounded, and had known him to be strapped and kept in a bedroom for four days out of six.

Six months' hard? Oh dear, no. Only "£2, with." A fine in such a case is a farce, parody, and mockery.

Hypocrite!

Nasty and suggestive "love" letters were a feature of a case at Gainsborough, in which a poor deceived girl of 19 proved her right to an order against Claude Beverley—school teacher, organist at Kirton Wesley Chapel, secretary of the Wesleyan Guild, and the letter-writer. The case was described as one of the most heartless and cruel that had ever been heard at the Court.

It is to be hoped that it will mark low-water in all such cases there, for Beverley's behaviour was shown to have been dastardly indeed, especially in view of the canting professions by which he must have obtained and retained his positions in Wesleyanism, which properly insists on a rigid code of propriety in the lives and conduct of its members.

The case makes us think of Clause 2, in the new White Slave Traffic Bill.

Are Jews Prolific?

The Bishop of Chester says he is sure the Jews are right in laying stress on the bringing into the world of children as being one of the most important matters in relation to marriage. Of course it is, and of course the Psalmist did say or sing "Blessed is the man who hath his quiver full," and "Let thy wife be as the fruitful vine."

But, as a matter of fact, are the Jews a prolific race, anywhere, in the present age?

Have they ever been a prolific race in the circumstances of their dispersion? How can any answer in the affirmative be reconciled with the fact that the highest computation of their numbers in all the world—as recently as 1906—put the top limit at nine millions?

Woman Book-keeper's Confession.

It was related at the Shoreditch County Court, a few days back, that a woman book-keeper went to her employer and said: "I wish to attend Holy Communion on Sunday, and cannot unless I make the confession to you that I have falsified your books."

That's all very well, and quite right and proper, as far as it goes. But the really relevant question in this connection is: Did she make restitution? Without laying any claim to an intimate acquaintance with moral theology, we submit that there's very little profit either in confession or the reception of the Sacrament, unless there be some genuine attempt to right the wrong.

Blameless Dentistry.

It appears to be beyond question that the sad fatality at Messrs. Hatton's dental establishment in Manchester might have happened anywhere, and in any similar circumstances. A young lady who was about to have a tooth extracted collapsed, fell into unconsciousness, and died in the room. The only anaesthetic that had been administered was a merely local one—a compound used with complete success, it is stated, in hundreds of cases every day, and compounded by a skilled pharmacist. Applied to the gum, its effect is to deaden the pain of extraction, without inducing unconsciousness or lethargy.

From the parents and other relatives of the dead girl we extend our sympathy to Messrs. Hatton, to whom no blame is attachable of any sort in any degree.

Beggars and the "House."

Following upon our uncompromising remarks on the subject of beggars' traffic in babies and young children, we have another complaint against the professional mendicant—in this instance the blind one. Tottering along with his mangy dog and ever-tapping stick, and getting in the way of busy pedestrians, he is one of the greatest nuisances of our streets.

We have little patience with any kind of beggars—and in the case of blind ones we contend that they should be compelled by law to go to the Workhouse.

A Suffragette recently climbed a telephone-pole to obtain a workman's signature. A plucky action; but all militant suffragettes are sufficiently "up the pole" without this sort of thing.

Peril in the Colonies.

Following on our recent outspoken article, entitled "Yellow Britain," we are pleased to note the stringent action which is being taken in New Zealand with regard to almond-eyed Celestials. In that colony a heavy poll-tax is levied from Chinamen entering the country.

Recently a troupe of Chinese jugglers and acrobats (four men, one woman, and a boy), under contract to give performances in New Zealand, were not allowed to land until their employers had entered into a bond with the Government for £1,200 that the members of the troupe should leave the country within a specified period.

This is as it should be; and it is plain that there are some things which we at home may learn from the Colonies.

Bishop's Absolute Piffle.

Is the Bishop of London degenerating? It goes without saying that we can't expect a Bishop, any more than any other man, to be everlastingly up to concert pitch; and, of course, it's extremely difficult to be quite fresh and interestingly original every time you address a public meeting. But surely his Lordship of London descended to absolute piffle the other day at the opening of the new Parish Hall for St. Luke's, Millwall Docks.

Referring to the presence of the Rev. Jesse Hewlitt, a former vicar there, the right reverend prelate said: "I can take credit for having saved Mr. Hewlitt from being kissed by a very pretty woman. At a gathering, I had occasion to point to him, remarking that he had lived here for forty-one years. 'Oh, I am going to kiss him,' said the lady. But, of course, I stepped in. He told me he was very sorry I stopped her, but I thought that to allow him to be kissed would make him shy before the Boy Scouts."

Was ever episcopal utterance more pointless, vacuous, silly, and inane? Imagine converted Saul of Tarsus talking like that to the Athenians! Prelatical humour is all very well in its way—when it is humour. But that of the Bishop of London seems to be dropping into its dotage.

Disturbance in a Church.]

We should like to see more Kensitite prosecutions—that is to say, prosecutions against Kensitites for Kensititing. Men of the world are not interested in the quarrels and squabbles of High Church and Low Church, but the practices of brawling people who go to any place of worship for the purpose of disturbing the worshippers is disgusting and abhorrent to them. The crack-pots who made a disturbance at the Church of St. Silas, Kentish Town, had the cheek to apply to Mr. Paul Taylor—or was it only one of them who did so?—for a summons against the Rev. J. Napier, Whittingham, who certainly and admittedly had something to do with their being very properly chucked.



Travastied Play Title—"Find the Woman,"

Mr. Taylor refused to grant the summons. He considered that their ejection, and the manner of it, was justified. In effect, he told them that they only got what they asked for and deserved.

Are Executions Bungled?

There is an uneasy feeling that they sometimes are and always may be. It is popularly supposed (writes "Medico") that the first aim of a public hangman is to put his victim to a swift and painless death. But there is one consideration that comes before even this.

Before all things, and to avoid scandal, it is essential that the head be not jerked off. Has not this led in some cases to the use of a too-short drop, the result being death by lingering suffocation, and not by dislocation of the neck, in spite of efforts to complete the fracture by hanging on to the legs of the victim after he has dropped into the pit?

"Medico" points out that surgically this is exceedingly likely, and that widely believed reports of its having happened are not dissipated by all the evidence at the subsequent inquests.

In this gruesome matter the only solid assurance of the public is in the attendance of the Press at every execution. Public hanging was rightly abolished. On different grounds, secret hanging is equally to be reprobated.

Hang privately by all means, if hanging there should be at all; but the exclusion of accredited representatives of the public is an intolerable denial of a public right, of which the exercise is a public duty—however painful a duty. If this hanging in the dark continues, a scandal will leak out one of these days which will make the people shiver with horror.

Men Will Hail This Machine.

A new machine has been invented, and is in use in many drapers' shops, whereby, for a charge of 2d. or so, ladies may have their long and murderous hatpins shortened, leaving, however, a perfect point just long enough to allow their hats being firmly fixed. Here, at last, is a move in the right direction.

MONEY LENDERS AND HIRE PURCHASE.

Further Revelations of a Scandalous System.

Pursuing our obligation to our readers to thrash out the scandal of the hire-purchase system and its disgraceful ramifications to the bitter end, i.e., to the point of their extinction, we take the opportunity, this week, of demonstrating yet another means by which the hire-furnishing blood-sucker drains his victims dry.

An Ingenious Scheme.

This scheme is a diabolically ingenious one to circumvent the growing antipathy shown by magistrates, County Court judges, and others, towards the clause in furnishing agreements which entitles the firm to take back the goods in the event of any instalment falling into arrears. As we pointed out last week, this course cannot generally be taken without a magistrate's order to enter the debtor's premises for the purpose.

Without such an order, and provided the debtor resolutely denies entrance to the firm or its representatives, the latter are powerless, and can only apply to the County Court for an order for the payment of the remainder of the account by instalments.

Moreover, as we pointed out, few County Court judges will be sympathetic to furnishing sharks in such cases, and very often they will refuse to make an order. That is why the hire-purchase Shylock enlists another equally villainous ally.

He is hand-and-glove with the money-lending usurer.

Kept a Close Secret.

Very few people are aware, for the very good reason that hire-furnishing firms keep such facts a close secret, that many hire-purchase firms have a money-lending branch in other premises, and under a different name. Several firms in the Tottenham Court Road, at least one in Oxford Street, yet another with its head office in North London and with branches all over the Metropolis; and in some provincial towns, another in the Pimlico neighbourhood, and with other branches in different London suburbs, do business of this kind.

What happens is this: A working-man, say, with a steady job, bringing him in 35s. or so a week, falls into arrears with his furniture instalments, leaving a balance of perhaps £5 or £6 owing. He has already paid probably £7 or £8. The hire-purchase firm know quite well that they will not be able to obtain an order of the court for the return of the goods under the circumstances; and they realise probably that the debtor has very good reasons for being unable for the time to keep up his instalments.

He has, perhaps, had an addition to his family, he may be working "on short time,"—there may be all sorts of reasons for his temporary embarrassment. All that the firm can do is to press him continually to pay. He professes his wish to do so, but he cannot see how. . . .

The Providential Way Out.

Then, one morning, he receives a letter. It is a circular from a firm of money-lenders, whose name and address identifies them in no way with the furnishing people. The circular offers to lend money to all in receipt of regular wages or incomes, on what are apparently quite equitable terms. Repayment can be made by weekly or monthly instalments. The weekly instalments seem trivial, less at any rate, than those on the furniture; and the victim, quite unversed in these things, hails this as a providential "way out." He calls on the money-lending firm, signs a paper,—it all seems very easy, and so it is, for the money-lending, i.e., the furnishing firm, are anxious to make it so—and receives notes or gold to the amount of £5 or £6, just enough to pay the balance on his furniture.

Now the poor dupe hugs himself at the thought that the furniture is at last his own—but it is not until he falls into arrears with the instalments on the loan, that he realises that the paper he signed was a "bill of sale" upon it! Then the money-lenders step in, sell up his home, and leave him ruined. He has no redress. A bill of sale is a valid document under any circumstances, and can be acted upon immediately, and with no chance of appeal.

Warning to Readers.

We warn all and any of our readers who owe instalments for hire-purchase furniture, to have no dealings whatever with money-lenders, however benevolent they may seem.

SHOULD THE CANE BE USED IN OUR SCHOOLS?

Grieved Parent Says it Caused Son's Death.

The allegation made by a father at an inquest at Hackney a few days ago that the death of his eleven-year-old son was due to the effects of his being caned at school has raised the question: Should the cane be used in our schools?

Privileges Abused.

Appealed to on the subject by *Modern Man* a headmaster has said:

I am not for one moment in favour of doing away altogether with the cane or the tawse, "Spare the rod and spoil the child" being a maxim with which I heartily agree. Nevertheless, I do believe that teachers *abuse* their privileges to a very great extent by an indiscriminate use of the cane.

For serious offences use the cane by all means, and let it come down pretty stiff; but there are far too many teachers who look at the cane as a panacea for all ills.

The cane should be the *last* resource when all other "remedies" have proved fruitless, instead of being the only deterrent that the majority of teachers make use of, with the result that the "instrument of torture" is in constant use throughout the day.

Then, again, punishment should never be inflicted in a white heat of passion, or else serious injury might unwittingly be caused. I have seen teachers so worked up that they belabour with the cane on a child's head, and lumps as big as an egg afterwards appear.

Dangerous Proceeding.

Parents and teachers alike are far too prone to strike a child on the head, "a box on the ears" being reckoned quite a trivial punishment. As a matter of fact, this is a most dangerous procedure, the drum of the ear being a most delicate organ which could easily be impaired for life in this way.

Have you ever noticed the growth of deafness among school children, especially among those who are not over-bright? I honestly believe that much of this is caused through being buffeted about by one teacher after another as these *dull* mites struggle through their various lessons.

The dull children sit side by side with the bright, the well-fed, warmly-clad offspring of the better class, who have every opportunity of studying at home, are taught in the same classes as the half-starved, half-witted, ill-nurtured product of our slums.

And these latter are expected to keep pace with their more fortunate fellows. Is it any wonder that the teacher's wrath falls on their heads like "molten lava"?

The teacher is not altogether to blame, perhaps; most of the blame lies with our educational system, which renders it necessary to teach under such more or less impossible conditions.

Spoiled by Foolish Parents.

Then, again, under existing conditions where we have sixty-odd children to each teacher, and the good, bad, and indifferent all classed together; with a host of subjects to get through in the minimum of time, the total abolition of corporal punishment is not only unworkable, but liable to cause a great deal of unnecessary friction between those engaged in the education of the young.

The work of the teacher is exceedingly responsible and difficult. He has to control large classes of children, many of whom are brought up under the worst home influences, and spoiled by the excessive indulgence of foolish parents.

If these members are not brought up under the strictest of discipline they inflict a very serious injury upon the rest of the class by their bad example, and render fruitless a large amount of the teacher's efforts.

I hold no brief for corporal punishment; I am anxious to see it reduced to the minimum, and even wish it could be done away with altogether; but I believe the enforcing of prohibitive regulations would foster a spirit of defiance in the children and tend to increase the amount and so defeat the end in view.

Worthy of Trust Reposed.

But while the teacher keeps to himself the power of inflicting corporal punishment whenever necessary, let him in the interests of himself and the community at large abstain from abusing this privilege, and in this way prove worthy of the great trust which the public repose in him.

DON'T DELAY YOU MAY REGRET IT.

GIGANTIC MONEY PRIZE FOR FOOTBALL SKILL.

£250 FOR CORRECT RESULTS

NO ENTRANCE FEE. OPEN TO ALL.

Now is your opportunity to fill your purse for Christmas. Plenty of money is wanted during the festive season, and our Football Skill Competition will do it for you. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

THE NAMES OF PRIZE WINNERS IN OUR NO. 1 FOOTBALL CONTEST APPEAR ON PAGE 1559.

To be successful in forecasting the results of matches one must be well acquainted with the various teams engaged, and also with the factors that make for success in a football match, such as whether a team is playing at home or away. A knowledge of the form and special abilities of the various members of the teams is also very necessary in making such a forecast. A number of handbooks are published, furnishing facts regarding past performances of clubs, but the best guide is the information published in the newspapers as to what clubs have done or have failed to do in the present season.

By intelligently studying the work done by the various teams one is able to gauge with marvellous accuracy the result of the match.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO:

On this page is given an entry form containing the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second and Southern Leagues on Saturday, November 16th, and for the prize of

£250

you have to draw a line in ink through the name of the club you forecast will *lose*. Where you predict a *draw*, leave in names of both teams.

To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing the correct results of the matches given below we will award the sum of

£250

In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results

£25

will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct result.

Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

- (1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, November 16. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.
- (2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN, No. 3, Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday, November 15. Any arriving later will be disqualified.
- (3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.
- (4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played, the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.
- (5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.
- (6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.
- (7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.
- (8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.
- (9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.
- (10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 3.

Matches to be played on Saturday, November 16th. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

BOLTON WANDERERS	v.	MIDDLESBROUGH.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC	v.	BLACKBURN ROVERS.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL	v.	EVERTON.
BRADFORD CITY	v.	WEST BROMWICH ALBION.
CHELSEA	v.	SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY.
BRISTOL CITY	v.	BLACKPOOL.
LINCOLN CITY	v.	HUDDERSFIELD TOWN.
PRESTON NORTH ROAD	v.	BARNLEY.
NOTTS FOREST	v.	BIRMINGHAM.
LEICESTER FOSSE	v.	WOLVERHAMPTON.
BURNLEY	v.	FULHAM.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE	v.	NORTHAMPTON.
WEST HAM UNITED	v.	QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
MERTHYR TOWN	v.	READING.
WATFORD	v.	NORWICH CITY.
COVENTRY CITY	v.	GILLINGHAM.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature
Address

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

FLOGGING FOR BULLIES.

The White Slave Traffic Brute.

When the Criminal Law Amendment (White Slave Traffic) Bill came before the House on the Report stage as amended by the Standing Committee, the motion to omit Clause 2, providing for the flogging of male procurers on a second conviction, was swept out of sight by the swamping majority of 253, only 44 voting for the amendment and 207 against it.

So far, so good. The second amendment, to the effect that a male offender under the Act should be liable to be flogged on a first conviction, only scraped through with a majority of 4—but it did get through.

Spare that Back!

So far, better still. The sickly sentimentality of a spurious humanitarianism, voiced by those who strove to keep the lash out altogether, suffered a double defeat in the loss of the motion it inspired, and the passing of the motion opposed to it.

But it is quite on the cards that an agitation may be worked up outside the House to undo eventually what has just been done inside it, and to impede in the meantime the operation of the measures it has just sanctioned. However loathsome, the first beast to be sentenced to the lash, we are sure to hear the squeak, "Oh, warder, spare that back!"

The flabby-minded objector to the corporal punishment of even White Slave Traffickers is sure to howl his monotonous protest wherever he thinks he can get a hearing—"don't flog anybody: it hurts."

Just because it hurts, hurts as nothing else can hurt, we urge thus early on the national conscience, as well as the national common-sense, that there must be no shrinking timidity in carrying into effect the flogging clauses of the new Act.

Filled by Foreigners.

In the presence of depravity like theirs, let the warm heart of pity grow cold; let the voice of mercy be hushed. They have no finer feelings to appeal to; no spark of goodness in their souls to fan into a flame; no hearts to move; no consciences to awaken. We are glad they have backs to scourge. In those backs is the only hope we can reasonably cherish for the extinction of their vile brood.

Is it even yet really understood what is going on? With creditably few exceptions, the ranks of "bullies" in England are filled and recruited by foreigners. Undesirable in their own countries, these alien beasts of prey avail themselves of the still too open hospitality of our shores, coming here with the deliberate intent of exploiting the girlhood of Britain for the human flesh markets of the world. Far and wide they spread themselves—in city and town and village and hamlet they get to their odious work; playing into each other's hands, spinning a web of agencies, conducting their operations of purchase, sale and barter as systematically as honest traders in any legitimate article of merchandise.

In touch with clients all over the world, the plenitude of our shipping ports facilitates the exportation of their victims. Mills, factories, shops, and even schools, are watched—the procurer is ubiquitous. He assumes disguises of rank and calling that take him into all classes of the community. In nine out of ten cases of the "mysterious disappearance" of girls and young women there is nothing mysterious at all—they have gone where he has taken or sent them. In his hellish calculations, even the sanctity of childhood has its tariff price.

Our Strident Note.

What is true of bullies in London—we repeat that the vast majority of them are foreigners—is true of bullies in our great provincial centres. They are not only hangers-on, but makers of unfortunates. Some of them are known to have as many as half-a-dozen wretched women "working" for them, whom they bleed to the tune of fifteen and twenty pounds a week.

And these are the brutes to save whom from the lash representatives of British constituencies raised their voices in the British Parliament! Shame on each of the emasculated few! One of them dared to speak of dogs, as though dogs were as low in the scale of animated creation as these two-legged outrages on humanity.

We are no believers in the indiscriminate infliction of the lash; we admit that there is much to be said in favour of the strict limitation of corporal punishment in any form; but there is no quavering note in our strident cry of "flogging for bullies."

NOWHERE TO LIVE.

How to Solve the Rural Housing Problem.

To begin with, to do what we have insisted the State should do, the State must have money—money to be applied to the one special purpose of its acquisition. How is that money to be raised?

National State Lottery.

Already the people are over taxed, and no thought of adding to their burden enters our mind. The relief of taxation, on the contrary, does. Face to face with an exceptional emergency, let an exceptional scheme be resorted to for raising the capital without which nothing nearly big enough can be achieved.

It is no use to go on tinkering with a job like this. Let the State put itself into possession of an ample State fund at one swoop, by the institution of a National State Lottery on a sufficiently colossal scale. To make sure of say, five million pounds, let State guaranteed share tickets be issued totalling up to that sum. Deduct one million pounds for the provision of prizes and working expenses, and the Permanent National Housing Committee of the Home Office is in command of a clear four millions.

Then let the good work begin and go on, the powers of the Committee being, of course, adequately plenary. At £400 each—on an average, about £50 more than necessary—we deal at once with the wherewithal for the construction of ten thousand suitable, sanitary, small model dwellings houses.

As the roofs go on, in come the waiting tenants, at rentals within their means. They need not be unreasonably low, but put them as low as you like, you still have a national permanent asset in their aggregate; while the indirect national benefits are immeasurable. In times of national distress, let it be competent for the National Housing Committee to relax or remit the rents; in cases of individual distress at any time to be individually lenient—the principle involved is in no sense and in no degree vicious, but purely and wholly philanthropic; and the State as landlord could afford to be generous in the matter of property that had cost it nothing to acquire.

Curing a Desperate Disease.

An alternative plan—or rather a variation of the scheme we are outlining—would be to authorise the establishment of separate municipal and municipally guaranteed lotteries, for amounts within the limitation of local authorities, according to local exigencies in this matter of houselessness. But it would be incumbent to see to it that no local apathy was tolerated. The permission would be a reminder of local responsibility. If advantage were not taken of it, and the necessity for local houses remained demonstrable, let a local State lottery supersede a local municipal lottery.

Or again, instead of entrusting a new department with the spending of its capital, the State might make County or other Councils its trustees for the whole or a part of it. In any case the money would be available. That is the thing that matters. The manner of its application, the system of its allocation, the whole direction of its uses, belong to the sphere of detail.

We are alive to the numbers and the nature of the objections to which our suggestion is open. We have weighed them in the balance—and found them wanting. Is there something desperate in the cure we propose? We seek to cure a desperate disease. Ought nothing of the sort to be entertained except in an extremity of need? We are in that extremity.

Chorus and Squeak.

Were not State lotteries discontinued long ago for reasons of public policy? Yes—in the days of their abuse. To abuse a practice is to put it to a bad use, which is evidence in itself that its proper and primary use is a good use. Besides, we do not advocate a practice; we advocate an exceptional measure in exceptional circumstances. We would attack an evil that is rampant, an evil that is both acute and chronic—we see a weapon sharp, sure, and seizable. Are we to refrain from seizing it, from using it, because other people made it a little dirty long ago?

Away with human piggeries in the country and slums in town—away with the double scandal of foul dwellings and no dwellings at all. That scandal is a mountain—valid objections to our suggestion are a molehill. The cry for houses is a chorus—valid objections to our building-plan are a squeak.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS.

Look out for rigorous action, before long, on the part of the stewards of the Jockey Club, against a well-known owner of race-horses, on a charge of "doping."

Can any of our readers mention (we know it, but do not deem it politic to print it) the identity of a Cabinet Minister who at "Question time" in the House, not many nights ago, gave almost incoherent replies in a voice rendered inarticulate by obvious intoxication?

Who is the wealthy Hebrew who is now openly expressing his satisfaction at the fact that a well-known musical-comedy actress "turned him down" some time ago in favour of an even wealthier member of a shipping firm? And why is the candid Israelite so pleased about it?

It is an open secret in well-informed circles that one of the sons of a well-known racing peer will be compelled to file his bankruptcy petition shortly; and interesting revelations are expected to come to light.

There is more than meets the eye in the action of a lady of marked attractiveness who, when a well known German Street business man took his seat in the supper room at the Savoy, some nights ago, deliberately changed her table so as to turn her back on him.

We have collected more than a little evidence against a lady of good connection, who gives repeated "house-parties" at her place in a Western county. The wealthy *parvenu* stock-broking element is very much in evidence; and the hostess also gathers round her a large number of poor but very pretty girl relations, whom, it is said, she does not invite out of unalloyed philanthropy.

If much more of this sort of thing goes on, we shall have to speak more plainly. *Verb. sap.*

Why has the noble father of a seventeen-year-old boy, at present at one of the six most exclusive public schools, been requested not to send his son back there after the end of the term? And why is it whispered that he does not think it expedient to send the youngster to Oxford or Cambridge either?

What was the amount paid by a titled landowner to a theatrical manager with whom the former's daughter had signed a contract, in order to release the girl from her obligations under it?

And in view of recent events, we wonder if her marriage to the incumbent of a fashionable living will still take place.

Who were the instigators of a plot to "rag" the Prince of Wales's rooms at Magdalen recently, and why was it that the scheme fell through?

When will a Scotland Yard Hercules arise and clear out a Shaftesbury Avenue Augcan Stable—in the shape of a notorious saloon bar, where every night large sums of money are handed over by white girls to foul black bullies?

What are the real facts underlying the very strong hint given to two officers of a crack line regiment by their C.O., to send in their papers with as little delay as possible?

Is it not a fact that a retired professional pugilist, who tried to obtain money by menaces from a wealthy ex-Public School heavy-weight in Jermyn Street, late the other night, found that he had bitten off more than he could chew?

We wonder whether the noble English husband of a well-known music-hall comedienne, at present touring in the United States, would be gratified to know the nature of his spouse's escapades in New York and elsewhere? And also whether he is not more than a little of a fool not to have suspected something long ago, in view of her close friendship with another very notorious lady singer?

When the police secretly raided a notorious "hospitable house" in the Soho district some nights ago, why were the proceedings so carefully kept out of the newspapers? And why was it that, while a few insignificant arrests were made, three very well-groomed men in faultless evening dress were allowed to slip out by a back way?

Who is the titled lady who had a valuable ring stolen from her bedroom at a hotel not a thousand miles from Brook Street, Mayfair? And what is the real reason of her taking no steps to recover it?

Why have two of the directors of a recently floated joint stock company so mysteriously disappeared? Is it because there are rumours of their having been connected—under other names—with a notoriously swindling concern that exploded some time ago?

What is the name of the wealthy North Country mill-owner who some nights ago accompanied an attractive damsel from the promenade of a West End Variety Theatre to a house in Sidney Street, Chelsea (the number of which he does not remember), and who was found in a dazed condition in the street by a constable, and minus banknotes to the value of £250, which he had on him at the outset of the proceedings?

What is this we hear about a duel in a private garden in Hampstead between two brothers? Luckily neither was hurt to a worse extent than a punctured arm; but there was really no necessity to fight at all. The fault was another man's, as each of the combatants will find out before long.

How much does the night porter of a notorious block of flats in the Charing Cross Road earn over and above his actual wages? And what does he do to obtain these "gratuities"? And why does he carry a knuckle-duster swatched in chamois-leather?

Also, is it a fact that he pays the rent of several of the women in the flats?

Who are the enterprising members of the Stock Exchange who have been conducting book-making operations within the precincts of the "House"? There seems to be a warm time in store for them.

Why has a well-known dental surgeon in a smart suburb west of the Metropolis had his telephone cut off?



His First Cigar.

EVERYBODY SHOULD GO IN FOR FIRSTS AND LASTS. SEE PAGE 1559.

ENGLISH GIRLS IN PARIS.

OUR WARNING TO BRITISH MOTHERS AND FATHERS.
APPALLING REVELATIONS.

England's greatest statesman, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, once said that a thing which is worth doing at all is worth doing as thoroughly as possible; and it is in this spirit that

we now approach a subject which less earnest or more timid servants of the public have hitherto shrunk from.



Every year, nay, every month and every week, hundreds of innocent English girls, some little more than children, and all possessing the fresh youthfulness, the easy grace, and fearless outlook on life, which makes them so essentially desirable, are lured from happy homes to the French capital—only to be ruined! They go out, poor little things, in

all innocence, their parents send them out in all innocence; but once away from the shores of the old country they are heard of no more. They disappear into a terrible oblivion wherein they cannot be traced, but in which they lead lives of suffering under terrible circumstances.

Procurer and His Net.

The procurer spreads his net among the class of English girls who want a situation. So he inserts advertisements of this kind:—

"Wanted, by Paris business firm doing large export business with Great Britain, young English lady clerk, aged 17 to 20. Speeds 45 and 100.—Apply Box —, etc."

Hundreds of young girls write in, and promptly receive an invitation to call at some office in the City. This they do, either alone, or, in many cases, accompanied by their mother or some older female relation. The office, be it noted, is a furnished one, probably rented for a week or so. But they do not know this. Everything seems very business-like and above-board. Eventually perhaps fifty or more pretty girls are engaged by a plausible-mannered foreigner, who speaks in broken English, and who declares himself to be the representative of some entirely fictitious Parisian firm. Each girl, however, is interviewed separately, and believes that she is the only accepted applicant for the "position."

Satisfying the Mother.

Then follows the infamous ruse; and it is here that the mother or other female companion falls into the snare almost of her own action. She wishes to know where the girl is to live. She insists that a suitable "home" shall be found for her. That, says the gallant Frenchman, with a courtly bow, is already provided for. A lady will meet the young English girl at the "Gare du Nord" and conduct her to an excellent boarding establishment, which he personally recommends, and where she will rapidly acquire a desirable fluency in the French tongue. He produces an elaborate card, giving the address, etc., of some quite reputable *pension*, and the mother is entirely satisfied. These cards, of course, are easily obtained; but the cruel point is that subsequent enquiries show that the girl has not been taken anywhere near the boarding-house mentioned. It is simply a wicked way of laying a false scent.

Then what happens is this. Each poor girl is told to cross over on a different day, the reason being that a large number crossing over together, and possibly comparing notes, would probably ruin the whole plot. But the fate of each is identical.

She arrives at the Great Northern Station in Paris, dazed by the strangeness of her surroundings, and the incomprehensibility of the jabbering tongues around her, and is duly met by an eminently motherly-looking old dame who greets her in broken English. "You are fatigued much, my dear one, is it not?" she says solicitously. "Come, we will take

a cab." So the poor girl, with her pathetic tin trunk, or portmanteau, and probably golf sticks, a hockey-stick, or tennis-racket, is put into a cab (a private one, for fear of possible inquiries by the police and whirled away.

Kept Back by Force.

She alights before a large house, which has peculiar characteristics, which the girl, however, does not notice, for she does not understand their portent. The shutters are tightly closed, though it is broad daylight; and over the door there is a huge lamp projecting, with the number of the house upon it. She does not know, that the shutters are closed by order of the French Government, who insist on it for fear that the passing public might observe undesirable things going on inside—nor does she realise the meaning of the big lamp. The house is one of the *gros nombreux*, a house of ill-fame licensed by the Republic!

Her elderly companion leads her inside, says that doubtless she would like to go to her room. She is shown into a bedroom, and some food and some coffee or tea is brought to her. Hungry after her journey, she eats and drinks with all the appetite of a healthy youngster; and soon falls asleep. She does not know that the beverage has produced this effect. . . .

Next morning she awakes, to find herself ruined—and a slave.

Little more need be said on this immeasurably sad subject. She is literally a prisoner. Her wild struggles to get out of the house are unavailing, for she is kept back by force. She cannot write home, for her letters are confiscated. She cannot even understand what is said to her, nor do her captors choose to understand her piteous pleading. She is kept a prisoner in her room, brutalised unmentionably day after day, until at length, hopeless of regaining her freedom, and broken in spirit, she at last submits to become one of the many poor creatures in the common-room, the toy of all of any of the casual visitors who have five francs or so to spend!

Another squalid point. She is not allowed to earn anything to speak of. Practically all the money she receives is taken from her to pay (forsooth!) for her board and lodging! She is literally a prisoner without resources!

Rescue by a Sea Captain.

Of the indignities she receives—periodical visits from a State doctor, and periodical removal to Government hospitals—we do not care to enlarge. But we have the testimony of one poor London girl who did at last manage to return home, broken in mind and body, through a remarkable stroke of providence.

An Irish sea-captain, whom, for purposes of this article, we will call Captain O'Mara, happened to visit one of these places, and after hearing the story of one of these poor captives. Ellen —, communicated with the British Consul and other authorities, with the result that she was released. If we deem it expedient, we may at some future date give publicity to this poor broken girl's terrible experiences.

But we are confident that we have said enough to warn English fathers and mothers of the unspeakable dangers that threaten their daughters in Paris; and our earnest hope is that our revelations will receive all the serious attention which they undoubtedly deserve.

Next week, we propose making clear other devices by which English girls are inveigled to Paris.



THE MONEY MAKING WINTER AMUSEMENT—FIRSTS AND LASTS.

THE SHAKING OFF.

By A. G. Storm.

There is this common attribute of us all: that we are not what we seem, and few of us are better than we are thought to be. Never afterwards did he quite forget the bleak look which came into her face as she heard him out patiently to the end of his confession.

"Then you do not care for me?" she said. The waters swept up and engulfed her.

His bowing head signified its accuracy.

"You have never loved me?"

"I have never loved you—as I imagine it is right you should be loved."

"Never?" It was an involuntary entreaty.

In pity he averted his eyes.

"Your protestations—your letters—"

"Yes, I know,"—and he made a gesture. "Sometimes we become more fervent in proportion to the suspicion that we are not quite sincere."

"Oh!" she said, and winced as if at a blow by intent. They faced each other in the window of a Louis Quatorze drawing-room. "How did you learn how to do it?"

"Oh, instinct, I suppose." And she swayed again, dazed by the brutality of it.

There was a painful silence.

"I suppose then," she said, with trembling fingers pulling uneasily at her ring.

"God knows I'm sorry!" he exclaimed, feeling hollow all through.

The ring tinkled on a table near by.

"So that's over," she said, and after a pause she lifted her hand and examined the bereaved finger with interest.

"Two years I've worn that! And I need not tell you, Frank, that it's a bad thing for a girl to be involved in a long engagement. Almost a blighting thing. I could have sworn you for breach of promise, you know." And she lifted her eyes to mark the effect of the words.

"I know," he said, looking at her steadily.

"But I shan't, of course. We won't go quite so low as that. Not quite so low," she said, and her bosom slowly heaved.

"I had not expected you would."

"Did you rely on it?" "No!" before he could reply, "—that was ingenious of me! It is natural, I suppose; I want to hit back."

"You are a very noble-minded woman," he said in a low voice.

"Not so noble, I think," and her smile was white and tired. "I have just had another thought—another one equally spiteful. I should certainly feel oddly unsettled if I were sufficiently charitable to resist expressing it."

"What is it?" he asked her.

"You love someone else?"

"No," he said. "I do not love anyone else."

She surveyed him steadfastly, and he looked squarely back at her without flinching.

All at once she clasped her sensitive hands and took an impulsive step towards him. Her lips quivered. "Please—Frank—as if it were the last words we shall ever exchange on earth. Do you love anyone else?"

"No," he said, and his jaw hardened and curved. "No, I do not!"

"Thank you," she whispered, and turned away.

Chancing to look back she saw immense relief light his face. Her consciousness swam. But she managed to reach a bell and press it.

"He was glad," she whispered, when, after a halting farewell, he left her. "Glad!"—and she swooned.

That night he wrote a letter.

"My Dearest and only Beloved,—I have shaken her off last."

And a voice within him said: "Would to God that I hadn't!"

But he silenced it, or would not listen. And he concocted a new endearment instead.

A gentleman rode up to a public-house in the country and asked: "Who is the master of this house?"

"I am, sir," replied the landlord; "my wife has been dead about three weeks."

THEATRE NOTES & NOTIONS.

What's On in Stageland.

I hope Mr. Cyril Maude will not allow any more of those ghastly "Futurist" outrages on the Playhouse posters. As my eye travelled from Miss Margaret Morris's pastoral picture (resembling nothing so closely as a daintily-tinted porcelain) to the advertisement of "The Little Café" I felt like a man who had stepped from a lilac-fringed English lawn in spring plumb into a lunatic asylum.

These of you who would like to understand, in view of Lieutenant Becker's tragic death-sentence, exactly in what manner and to what extent New York is suffering at the hands of her police force, must make a point of seeing "Find the Woman" at the Garrick. Quite apart from its high merit as a drama, it is wonderfully enlightening, and is naturally doing a very big business just now.

No one need stay away from the Hippodrome on account of "The Blue House," although it is strongly uninspired and trifling, and is decidedly not up to the usual standard of Hippodrome productions. Three of the best of reasons make it possible: these are Mr. Bert Coote, Miss Kellogg, and the laundry engineers on strike. On the whole, however, I would far rather have seen Mr. Coote reunited to "A Lamb on Wall Street" elaborated on "Blue House" lines.

Mr. Melville Gideon's rag-time songs at the piano and "Other People's Money" will more than recompense you should you feel that the laundry above mentioned is more work than sketch.

Mr. Charles Hawtrey's poultry problem at the Coliseum is as ingenious as its title ("A Little Fowl Play").

Two established favourites have recently broken absolutely new methods for the first time for long periods. Of the first of these—Mr. George Robey—it is only necessary to add my quota of admiration in entire accord with the bulk of the circle of critics for his "Robin Hood" and "Pro's Landlady."

Of the second—Beattie and Babs—I would say that their show is as fascinating and humorous as ever. On discovering that your programme informs you that their new number is entitled "Sagragette" you will probably visualise shattered shop-fronts and masculine she-cats or hunger strikes. Beyond mentioning that it is a much brighter idea altogether, I will leave you to discover for yourself at the Coliseum to-day week, or earlier at the Victoria Palace, how daintily this original couple have treated a novel topic.

W. R. CHILTON REECE.



Our Chair Note: All Cane.

THE MONEY MAKING WINTER

AMUSEMENT—FIRSTS AND LASTS.

SPRINGBOKS' TREATMENT.

Football Notes and Prospects.

It is not likely that the South African team now touring the country will carry away with them many pleasant recollections of their visit, as not only have they been vigorously slated all round for their play, a fact I commented upon quite recently, but they have also been experiencing a meanness in the little things of which the public hear nothing.

No Entertainment Provided.

As one paper has it, it is not creditable to their hosts that such a state of things should exist. It seems that no attempt has been made to provide any entertainment whatever for them since they returned to London after being defeated by Newport, and they make no secret of the fact that they would far rather be in the provinces, where they can have a good time, and meet some show of hospitality, than in the "capital." Surely it is not too much to expect of the board to entertain their visitors in some shape or form; in fact, they should see to it that they had a royal time, and if the board intends doing anything they will have to hurry up, as the team leaves the Metropolis on the 18th, and only return for one match before the end of the tour.

Our Big Money Offer.

I hope all readers of this paper are having a shot at the £250 offered in connection with our football competition. Think of it! Two-fifty of the very best, and they may be yours for the exercise of a little skill. On another page in this issue you will find matches due to be played next Saturday, and what you have to do is to try and forecast the results. Even if you do not feel equal to the task of giving every correct result, you still have a chance of getting £25 which is offered for the greatest number of correct forecasts in the event of no reader getting every one right, and even that amount is very handy these 'ard times.

Every week at least £25 has got to go out of this office to someone; so why not have a go? and not only yourself, but your sister, aunt, and the young lady you're going to marry when that "ship" comes home. Get them to have a shot as well, and then share the proceeds. Remember that the coupons filled up by each member of a family may all be enclosed in the same envelope.

Home Teams' Prospects.

With a few exceptions, it looks as though the home teams are in for a good time this week-end. Of the First Division games, Aston Villa should overcome Manchester United, who have been well beaten each time during the last four years they have visited Aston Park. The game at Burnden Park, where Bolton entertain Middlesbrough, should be brimful of interest, and there will not be much in it at the finish, but Bolton should just get through, as they did last season. Chelsea do not seem able to do right just now, but perhaps they will return to their old form (when they want stopping on their own ground) and prove equal to holding Sheffield Wednesday, who are not fulfilling their early promises. Newcastle should beat Derby County. Last season's champions go to Oldham, but may not repeat last year's 1-0 victory, as the Athletic are in great form at present. Possibly the game may result in a draw.

Contests in Second Division.

In the Second Division, Fulham journey to Burnley, and on their present form cannot hope to get much out of it, but Clapton may make up some lost ground at the expense of Leeds City, whom they entertain. Hull City and Bury may find it difficult to separate themselves when the whistle blows; but Preston, who are playing better now than at the beginning of the season, may do better than their partners in misfortune, and get the better of Barnsley. Only one goal has separated Stockport and Bradford on seven of the eight occasions they have met during the last four years, and it looks like being a near thing again this time, with Stockport just about getting home. Lincoln City and Huddersfield may make a draw of it.

In the Southern League, the Palace should beat Southampton, Merthyr Town can beat Reading, Plymouth, if playing in anything like their best form, should have an easy thing on in Stoke, and Swindon can beat Bristol Rovers. Although they have to go to Portsmouth, Millwall should not lose anything thereby, and may be of one of the visiting teams to win, as may Queen's Park Rangers, who visit the compact enclosure of Boleyn Castle. Northampton may get a point out of their match with Brighton at the seaside town.

MY NOTE BOOK.

WHO AM I TO SHAKE HANDS WITH?

Every Modern Man in these days is a football enthusiast, and I am pleased to learn from numerous League members and readers that our £250 Football Forecast scheme has been so widely welcomed. I have now made the competition free to all, so without the entrance fee to hinder you, you can go at it to your heart's content. I now only wait to shake hands with the man who wins £250. The names of the prize winners in our No. 1 ball Competition appear elsewhere.

MONEY-MAKING AND FASCINATING PASTIME.

On page 1559 you will find particulars of new money-making and fascinating winning pastime. This is where you wife or can join in and help you. I am certain Firsts and Lasts will prove of absorbing interest, and should catch on as the winter evening amusement for all my readers. Help me to make it popular talking to your friends about Firsts and Lasts.

MEN AND CORSETS' CONTROVERSY

I continue to receive many letters from readers, both for and against the wearing of corsets by men. "A.M., Ryde, Isle of Wight," criticises in strong terms, the idea of men wearing such a womanish garment, and adds: "My work necessitates me bending a lot—I'm a watchmaker—but I do not need any such support, and I recommend those who do to go in for the Rapid Physical Development Courses in *Modern Man*. "W.B." has said the question of effeminacy does not trouble him, so it appears, when he asserts he wears the usual women's garments. With much scorn, I tell him that in his case Nature has made a mistake in sex.

"A woman's delight in a man is to see in him a man. Be men, strong and healthy, needing no support, and then, as "W.B." states, your woman friends will admire your figure."

"H.L.T." writes: "Entirely from curiosity, I tried wearing a corset some time ago, in order to see for myself if there was any truth in the so-called miseries of 'tight-lacing.' I found the sensation of being tightly laced most delightful, and I can quite bear out your correspondent G. L.'s statement that one feels braced up with the use of the corset."

"A 22-inch waist for a man seems to be amazingly small. With a natural waist of 30 inches, I cannot get to less than 25 inches, but I think this is due to the chest measure being too small, as one cannot lace this to much below the natural size. I think, too, that stays would be more comfortable if made much more stiff, and I should like to know what other male corset wearers recommend as to this. The corset is so pleasant to wear, that I should probably join those who follow the ladies in getting a 'wasp' waist, if I could get stays of sufficient stiffness to be a real support, and with sufficient chest size to allow of tighter lacing below. Perhaps our male stay wearers would say if they have any difficulty in getting the proper article, for it requires a certain amount of courage to enter a corset shop, to be attended to."

ANOTHER WARNING FROM AUSTRALIA.

"E.R.S." writing from a gold mine in West Australia, says: "I think a great deal of this country and especially W.A., but a note of warning should be given to the thousands who are pouring into it, many of whom find it very hard to secure employment. My advice is that no one should think of coming, unless he has friends to guide him, or a little money to tide him over the time until he can find suitable employment."

WELSHMAN AND MAYORS.

A Swansea reader, signing himself "Common-sense," asks "Is it not disgusting when we think of a hardworking man being chief magistrate of a town with a population of about 110,000?" And then he goes on to say: "It must be true what a M.P. said the other day, 'that we are suffering from a lower production of brains, otherwise why should we have to call boilermakers, tailors, and the like to be our chief magistrates?'"

"With all due respect to the men themselves, I consider that this method should be abolished, and that men of legal training should be appointed in every town and borough. There are those who think differently."

YOUR EDITOR.

TWO PROFITABLE ENTERTAINMENTS—OUR FOOTBALL FORECASTS AND FIRSTS & LASTS.



THE MODERN MAN.—No. 18: MR. H. GORDON SELFRIDGE.

Who is there in this country that has never heard of Selfridge's, London? Precious few, if any. There are millions of people who have never been in the metropolis, but all the same they know that somewhere in London there is an immense building known as Selfridge's, where a colossal international business is done. This gigantic structure is in Oxford Street, half-way between Bond Street and the Marble Arch, and the man who deliberately chose to undertake the huge task of establishing himself there in preference to a life of leisure is the modern man of *Modern Man*.

When Mr. Selfridge dissolved partnership with the famous Marshall Field, he had ample means to enable him to retire from business, but he did not do so, because he found it as

fascinating as playing a game—worth doing for the interest in it.

As has been said, with Mr. Selfridge business is a hobby. He is a most approachable man, absolutely without side, and he strikes one at once as an independent thinker. Occasionally he hesitates for words, but never for opinions. He is definite always, neither being himself in doubt nor leaving his hearers in doubt as to his meaning. His principles in business are as everlasting as the Pyramids. These principles are integrity, truthfulness, value-giving, progressiveness, dignity, liberality, courtesy, originality, a daily presentation of what is new, coupled with a determination to satisfy. Twelve of the windows in Mr. Selfridge's magnificent building are fronted with the largest sheets of plate glass in the world.

THERE IS NO ENTRANCE FEE TO OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

A Page of Interest to Ladies.

To the article which appeared last week headed "Why Women are Liars" another lady reader has replied:

Most women are born with sufficient natural charm and tact to enable them to make themselves attractive to the opposite sex without consciously setting out to do so.

There are women with whom tact and politeness go against the grain, and it is these who complain that social environments oblige women to be false to themselves, in other words liars.

No Need for Deception.

Those women who are sufficiently feminine to be absorbed by feminine ideals and ambitions, even if such are bounded by husband, home and children, have their own way of bringing such within their compass. If the paths they select are somewhat devious, at least they never blink the fact of the goal, and that seems at least as honest as those who pretend the grapes are sour by the very accusation they turn on others, and thus proclaim their own failure.

No woman who is animated by a desire to please need have recourse to subterfuge or deception, for in seeking to please, she will be pleasing.

Women who speak bitterly about the duplicity of other women forget that those who desire admiration must admire those who crave courtship must court, and those who want love must at least evince the desire for it. It is the woman who frankly recognises these facts who makes a success of her life, while the ones who are really liars are those who wilfully blind themselves to essentials.

Not Worthy of Consideration.

The woman who knows how to flatter or cajole may hoodwink others, but she does not deceive herself for a minute.

The woman who scorns anything but home truths may be a candid friend, but she tells the biggest lie of all to herself. The wallflower gives herself away when she says she does not care for dances. The belle of the ball has yet to be heard complaining that parties are slow and men are dull.

Similarly when a woman has to rail that women must needs be liars before they can please the men, it only shows that she has never thought it worth while to study the opposite sex, and consequently the opposite sex has never found it worth while to study her.

Manners Maketh Man

—♦♦♦—

There having been some bemoaning on the lack of manners in the modern young man, a lady reader has submitted her views on the subject. She says:

While not wholly agreeing with the allegation, I admit that in some cases manners are, like the old lady's best bonnet, "only worn on special occasions." This is infinitely worse than having none at all; anyone who knows how to behave and doesn't do it is, or should be, beyond the pale.

For those people who have never been taught there is at least some excuse.

Outcome of Nice Nature.

But don't you think that good manners are really the outcome of a nice nature?

I do, most emphatically. The man who is kind and thoughtful, involuntarily renders these little services, which set the hall-mark of "good form" upon him.

He opens the door at the right moment, sees when anyone wants a chair, and, without any apparent effort, is always near when things are wanted. It is this unobtrusive politeness that counts, and these perfect manners are owned by people in all grades of society, even the lowest; that trite expression, "Nature's gentleman," is nevertheless very true, we frequently find this delicate consideration for the feelings and needs of others in quite humble surroundings.

While in our own set, manners are too often absolutely perfunctory. Don't you know the man who will pass you pepper and mustard at every meal, quite oblivious of the fact—though he may have sat next to you for a week—that you never take either?

I do, very well indeed; that is what he has been taught, politeness demands of him; it has therefore become a habit, but he seldom or never notices what is really wanted, and I'm sure one might sigh to the end of one's days for anything that was not on the table, if it rested with him.

We hear a great deal now about the "emancipation of women," but are there any, however advanced, who do not appreciate good manners in their masculine friends?

Girls and Courtesies.

Flowery speeches and stilted compliments went out with powdered hair and ruffles, and few of us would wish them back again; but I sometimes think men hardly realise how the average girl values the little courtesies of everyday life.

Each time a man shakes hands with his gloves on, walks on the inside of the pavement, or does not offer to carry her coat, he unconsciously jars upon her, though she may not analyse it.

"I like the smell of tobacco smoke, but I should be awfully annoyed if my friends didn't ask me if I objected to it," said a girl of my acquaintance the other day; and I think you will find she was voicing the feelings of many others.

People often say "Oh, he's a rough diamond, but a thoroughly good fellow." That may be so, but certainly a rough diamond, who is not infrequently also a bore, does little towards smoothing the path of others in the minor perplexities of life.

Girls are far too practical nowadays to expect, or desire, to be set on a pedestal. They share men's interests and amusements so much more than did their grandmothers, but politeness is compatible with *camaraderie*, and does, and always will, appeal to them.

Form of Unselfishness.

Good manners are not, as various people would have us believe, merely superficial, but another form of unselfishness; so, if we keep our men folk up to the mark in this respect, we are doing them a good turn as well as ourselves.



Made a Mistake.

LADIES WILL BE FASCINATED WITH "FIRST AND LASTS."

FIRSTS AND LASTS

Great New Money-making and Fascinating
Winter Evening Pastime.

Big Cash Prizes for Clever Readers.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" is our latest Grand Competition for the amusement and substantial profit of our thousands of Readers. Whatever amount is received, be it

£200

or more the whole will be distributed among the competitors sending in what are adjudicated by a competent staff to be the best "Firsts and Lasts." Here Readers have the opportunity of providing themselves with magnificent prizes. So begin now and go on building; the bigger the better.

How to make Firsts and Lasts.

"Firsts and Lasts" Coupon No. 1.

CLOSES NOV. 19th.

How to make Firsts and Lasts. "Firsts and Lasts" is a new and interesting game. It is a game of words, and the object is to find the first and last words of a sentence or phrase. "Firsts and Lasts" might be Turn Somersaults. "Firsts and Lasts" must be written on coupons taken from this page, and each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence. These should be made payable to "Modern Man" and crossed "and Co." Do not send cheques. You may send in two "Firsts and Lasts" on each coupon for Sixpence. If any question arises as to the awards, or any other matter relating to the competition, the same must be decided by the Editor, whose decision is final, and readers are only allowed to enter on this understanding. Competitors may send in as many "Firsts and Lasts" as they like, but every double attempt must be written in ink on the coupons provided and accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence. In sending more than one coupon a Postal Order for the amount covering the number dispatched will do. Postal Orders only should be sent. This week "Firsts and Lasts" may be constructed from the following examples:

GET RICH	POLITICAL RIVALRY
TURKEY TROT	DIVORCE COMMISSION
MOTOR FIENDS	FLOGGING BULLIES
EASILY LED	TRUE LOVE
EMIGRATION RAMPANT	PRETTY DANCES
CONSCRIPTIONFAVOURD	HOME RULE

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS"
Name _____	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address _____	
No. Postal Order _____	
If you use one coupon send Sixpence, if you use both of these coupons send One Shilling.	
WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS"
Name _____	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address _____	
No. Postal Order _____	

Send in by Tuesday, 19th November. But don't wait till the Closing Day. Whenever received, every Coupon will be judged solely on its merits, but Competitors are requested to send their attempts as early as possible to facilitate the work of adjudicating. Please mark envelopes "Firsts and Lasts," "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and write "Competition" in the top left-hand corner of the envelopes. SPECIAL PRIZES FOR NEWSAGENTS.—In order to encourage newsagents, booksellers, etc., who sell MODERN MAN to take an interest in our "Firsts and Lasts" Competition, we invite readers to fill in space allowed the name and address of the Newsagent or other person from whom he or she purchased MODERN MAN so that special prizes may be awarded.

No. 1 Football Competition.

FIVE READERS SHARE £25.

Five readers were successful in forecasting eleven correct results out of the sixteen matches given in connection with our No. 1 football competition, the premier prize for which is £250.

Among these five readers will be divided our prize of £25, so that each will receive £5. The winners are:

PERCY NELLOR, 127, Fairfield, Buxton, Derbyshire.
WILLIAM HENRY ELLIS, 57, East Street, Blandford, Dorset.
A. LEATHAM, 51, Morland Street, Breck Road, Liverpool.
CLAUDE V. EVANS, Foresters' Tavern, Coleford, Gloucestershire.
J. ARMSTRONG, 71, Spencer Street, Liverpool.

£250 FOR FOOTBALL FORECASTS.

McKinley Overcoats.



Don't buy your Winter Overcoat until you have seen the new McKinley Patterns. They are all genuine Scotch and English materials of superfine quality, and for value they cannot be surpassed anywhere. Send for them now. McKinley clothes have a world-wide reputation for perfection of fit, style, and workmanship, yet the McKinley prices are far below those charged elsewhere for the same class of goods.

Overcoats (to measure) **30/- to 50/-**
Suits - - (to measure) **35/- to 55/-**

Perfection of fit and style guaranteed. Money refunded in full if you are not completely satisfied. No extras. SEND A POSTCARD for Booklet "M.N." and our splendid range of Autumn and Winter Patterns. They will be sent to you free and post paid, together with latest Fashion Plates, tape measure, and the McKinley Scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which ensures perfect fitting garments. Write now—or call.

C. & G. MCKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists
(Tailoring Dept.) 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Opposite G.P.O.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XVII.—A MODERN ELOPEMENT.

By
ADAM STERN.
Author of the popular
Selby Series which appeared
in "Modern Man."

The guile of women has been under-delineated, in spite of the anti-feminism of the prophets. It was ten minutes to six o'clock in the evening when Miss Virginia Prosing arrived outside her father's celebrated Emporium, in High Holborn, London; having come in the motor-car which usually called for him to transport him home.

Miss Virginia Prosing was almost invisible 'neath the plethora of ermine which bulked round her dainty person. She had an ermine coat on, a huge ermine muff, and a little round ermine hat. All that could be seen of her was her fascinating little rosy-checked face, her radiant eyes and the pink tip of a wind-blown nose. Defying the cold weather she rode in the open car.

Miss Virginia Prosing—as those who follow these chronicles, will remember—had at an earlier date in her young life, contracted a violent passion for Mr. Dunlop Kane. She was enamoured of him to this day. She had a "spite" against him, however, that he refused to be enamoured of her in return.

A commissionaire took word that the car had called. A moment or two afterwards Miss Virginia espied Kane through the door near which she was stationed, and despatched the chauffeur to tell him she wanted to speak to him. "And, after you've told him," she said, "go and buy me some of those burnt almonds that you know I so specially like."

Immediately he had gone Miss Virginia alighted from her own seat and climbed into the seat which had been vacated by the chauffeur.

Kane came out.

"Hullo, you?" she said.

"Hullo?" he returned, with his brotherly indulgent smile. "Didn't know you could drive."

"No more I can't," she answered; "I was just seeing how it's done."

"Be careful," he warned her.

"What's this for? Come up here and tell me."

Unsuspecting, he complied; and she pressed down a foot and without an instant's warning they sped off into the traffic.

"Here!" he cried. "What are you up to?"

She chuckled gleefully. "I don't know; it's done it by itself. Now don't you touch me, or we shall sure to have a frightful accident!"

"You little wretch!" he cried, heartfully.

"So I am," she admitted contentedly. "And so are you, only a much bigger one. Oh! wasn't that a near squeak!"

"Will you pull up—*please*?" he shouted.

"No, I won't! I can't," she amended, "I don't know how." But, contradicting this, she was driving with remarkable skill. Holborn was full of traffic just then, and brilliant with electric light. She swept into Kingsway and put on speed.

Dunlop Kane sat down. He had been standing until then.

"I suppose you think this is very funny?" he remarked, nastily.

"I think it's very serious. I don't know how ever I'm going to stop it."

"Well, mind away. I know how to manage it."

"Ow!" she squealed; and held on to the wheel the tighter as he attempted to take it from her.

He sat back resignedly. "Do as you like," he said. "Let me know, won't you, when you're tired of behaving like an infant."

"You'd like to say idiot—only you're much too polite!"

He returned no answer to that.

Accidentally, or by design, they swerved within an inch of the kerbstone.

"I love these winding motions," he murmured dreamily. "They're so very soothing. I'm going to sleep, Miss Prosing."

"Pig!" she said. And Dunlop closed his eyes.

He opened them again after a few minutes, and was conscious that he was beginning to be seriously annoyed.

They had crossed Waterloo Bridge, and were now shooting along, away from London's centre and away from Prosing's Emporium, at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. Miss Virginia still sat forward to the wheel, eyes straight ahead, and smiling with a strange bright happiness.

"Has it happened to occur to you," inquired Kane, with some restraint, "that your father will be waiting for you all this time and wondering what has become of you? And that the chauffeur will be off his head? And that if I'm missed as well there'll be the very dickens to pay? They'll naturally conclude that we've run away together."

"So we have," she agreed. "That's plain, I should think, even to the dullest intelligence."

"Young lady," said Dunlop Kane severely, "you've either got a screw loose, or you're qualifying very rapidly for a hard and prolonged spanking."

"Wouldn't you like to give me one!" she crowed gleefully.

"If it's not too irrelevant a question, where on earth do you think you're taking me?"

"Wait and see," she recommended.

"If you think you're going to marry me out of hand, or hold me for ransom, you're jolly well mistaken."

"I should have to be a bit hard up, I think."

"Now, look here, Miss Prosing," with friendly reproof: "don't be a little idiot—just face her round and hurry off back quicker'n we've come."

"La! la!" was all she said. They turned a corner and hummed like a bee making for a hive.

"I shall get the sack sure for this," declared Kane dismally.

"So you ought," she said. "I think it's perfectly outrageous of you, eloping with your master's daughter!"

"After that I'm mute," said Kane.

"I suppose you think I'm an impossible little beast, don't you, Dunny?"

"I think, on the contrary, that you're a delicious little girl!"

"Do big grown men like you marry delicious little girls like me?"

"Heaven forbid!" declared Kane piously.

"Then switch off on to another track—you won't get back on that one."

"I do think your expressions are vulgar! Where ever were you brought up?"

"I feel so happy," she announced serenely, "I don't care what rot I talk."

After that he was truly mute. They had passed through an outer suburb and were soon speeding down a dark road between leafless hedges, bound, as Kane recognised, for Chislehurst. At Chislehurst the Prosing's lived.

"Look here," he exclaimed suddenly, "if you're taking me home, intending to present me to your people, hatless, and in this compromising position, my fortitude won't stand it. I'm going to jump off. Probably I shall break my neck."

"Oh, don't!" she cried.

"I am," he declared, following up his advantage.

"Dunny!"

"Stop, then!"

"I won't! Oh yes, I will. Oh dear, you did frighten me!"

"I'll frighten you a deal more," he said grimly, alighting as she halted. "Now where's the nearest telephone office?"

"Get up again, and I'll show you," she replied sweetly.

He inwardly burned. She defeated him at all points.

Five minutes later they rolled up a drive and pulled up gently at the entrance to a big modern house. Kane turned to look at her with a comically contorted eyebrow. Speech was inadequate.

"This is where you can telephone," she said.

The door was pulled open, and a portly lady ran out. "Oh, Virgie!" she cried; "you *are* safe then!"

"Oh, mother, the motor went wrong, and this man jumped up and saved me! He's Mr. Kane, you know—you've heard father speak of him. Oh, wasn't he brave, mother? He did it at the risk of his life!"

"Very," said the lady warmly. "But, why didn't you turn back?"

"We couldn't—we tried all the time."

"My daughter," confided Mrs. Prosing to Dunlop Kane, "she's a most extraordinary child. She's always giving us frights. I think she's highly strung, you know. You *will* stay to dinner, won't you?"

Mr. Prosing, Kane learned, was coming on by train.

(Another complete story next week.)

OPPORTUNITIES YOU MUST NOT MISS. SEE PAGES 1551 & 1559.

Are You a 30/- a Week Man?

Sir Hiram Maxim's Startling Accusations — Why are there so few men worth £5 per week?

THAT greater inventor and keen business man, Sir Hiram Maxim, in a striking series of letters to the *Daily Express*, makes some startling accusations against the modern business man. He says in effect that he, as an employer, can find thousands of men to fill jobs at 30s. a week, but that these men never improve, never become worthy of the positions at £5 a week.

And he says this is because the 30s. a week man never troubles to get any real knowledge of business. He does just what he has to do, and no more. But the serious part of the matter is that Sir Hiram is right.

Now once you admit that Sir Hiram Maxim is right, and that the 30s. a week man never rises because he never gets a real knowledge of his work, you should carry the principle a little further. You may smile at the shop assistant whom he describes who sold bottles of "maillage," but he provides an object lesson to you, and there is one question you should ask yourself very seriously. Its answer may make a great difference to you if you mean to succeed.

In six words this question is:—

What Do you Know about Business?

At first sight you may be inclined to pool-pool the question, but unless you are a rare and brilliant exception you will probably own, after a mortifying self-examination that it is precious little indeed of sound Business knowledge that you really know—confidently and surely enough to bank on.

Yet without this Business knowledge, your chances of doing well for yourself in the business world are very poor ones indeed. With it, there is

No Position You Cannot Aspire to.

Without it you run the risk of being a 30s. a week man all your life, or, if not that, at any rate, a near approach to one.

Now, what do you know about Business?

For instance, do you understand Bookkeeping thoroughly? Could you draw up a balance-sheet? Do you understand exactly how the financial position of a tradesman or a firm is determined from his books? Do you understand profit and loss account? Do you know when recovery of book debts is barred?

Do you know much about the Income-Tax? Do you know Company Law? Do you know the cost of the formation of a Company? The methods of amalgamation? Do you understand the conversion of shares into stock? Do you understand Compulsory Winding-up?

Do you know all about County Court Business, Judgments, etc.?

Do you know how to start a Business? How to secure its credit, and to buy its equipment? How to organise its departments, build up its reputation, collect its debts, rake in its profits?

Yet these matters are Business knowledge. And if you want to make money in business you must either know them or know where you can get authoritative and complete and up-to-date information concerning them and concerning the thousand and one points of doubt or difficulty that beset the business man in the course of his business day.

Now What are You to do?

You must get the "Business Encyclopædia."

You cannot do without it, whether you are an ambitious young man on the threshold of your commercial life or a mature business man who dreads that he may be crowded out of the Business fight owing to the present-day stress of competition. It gives you new ideas, and it enables you to put into successful practice your own ideas.

The subjects dealt with in the "Business Encyclopædia" include every phase of business in full technical detail. The legal documents most commonly needed are shown in actual facsimile insetted into the book. Card index and accounting systems for every business are illustrated and described in detail.

The "Business Encyclopædia," in short, supplies an experience so wide that no one man could ever possess it by any other means. The one great essential of modern business success is knowledge, the knowledge that the "Encyclopædia" has been designed to supply.

The Secrets of Success.

Whatever your business or position the "Business Encyclopædia" can help you as nothing else can. To the junior it offers a knowledge far wider and far surer than any his Manager can have; to the Manager, it lends knowledge and that equally valuable asset, confidence in his decisions.

If you are doubtful as to how the "Business Encyclopædia" can help you in your particular sphere, send for a book describing its contents more fully than there is space for here. It is sent to you free, and places you under no obligation to buy or even to inspect the books.

Two Opinions.

Messrs. J. S. FRY & SONS, Ltd., Bristol, write:—

"The volumes have already proved of great use to us and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work."

Mr. G. W. READ, Clerk, Fortnam Road, London, N.,:—

"I never made a more gratifying purchase. I regard the 'Business Encyclopædia' as a most profitable investment, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

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We have prepared a handsomely illustrated Book which will be sent to you free of charge, and which will show you how necessary the "Business Encyclopædia" is to your success, and how to obtain it for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

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GET YOUR WIFE OR SISTER TO HELP YOU WITH FIRSTS AND LASTS.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.



FLOOR EXERCISES.

illustration.

By straightening the arms slowly raise yourself until you are in the position shown by the dotted lines.

Then lower slowly until your chin touches the floor, and repeat, say, six times.

Neither chest, stomach, nor knees must touch the floor during the exercise, which is a capital one for arms, legs, and stomach.

It will add to the interest of the performance if you make yourself pick up a cork or other small object conveniently placed on the floor.

Doctor Fishing.

I don't think a week passes that I do not receive several letters from correspondents complaining of "nerves" and asking for a cure.

Disordered nerves are, of course, a characteristic of this feverish age. It is a condition very hard to treat. Fresh air, regular exercise, plain, nourishing food, are the usual remedies, but sometimes the prescription fails. Why? Simply, I believe, because the sufferer is bored by the treatment.

I am sure there is nothing better for "nerves" than regular walking exercise, but I admit that many men dislike walking, or at least find it monotonous. Walking does such men no good. It irritates them, and fails to "take them out of themselves."

Golf and some other games, as I have previously explained, are apt to be too exasperating to jangled nerves.

I believe that the best sport for the victim of neurasthenia is fishing, either fresh-water or sea.

I know one eminent novelist, a terrible sufferer from "nerves," who was completely and permanently cured by taking to angling on the advice of his doctor.

It does not matter if you do not know one end of a rod from another.

The beginner's initial difficulties will interest and stimulate you, and by the time you have mastered them the fascination of fishing will have a firm grip of you, to your lasting benefit.

Answers to Correspondents.

R. T. (Accrington).—Asks whether he should take his bath before or after his morning exercises?

I think the best plan is to divide the exercises into two parts, and to sandwich the bath between them.

J. L. C. (Northampton).—Says that for several years past he has had an attack of quinsy every winter, and asks if there is any means of preventing its recurrence.

I am afraid there is not, and I can only counsel J. L. C. to avoid damp and bad air, and to tone up his throat by bathing it externally with salt and water and gargling it internally with the same mixture.

M. S. (Stockport).—I think your measurements are very good. Try washing your teeth with pure vinegar and water.

"PEDES" (Richmond).—The straight leg is not an infallible test of fair walking. There are scrupulously fair walkers who walk with bent knees. The only certain test of fair walking is whether at any time a man has both feet off the ground at once, even for the tiniest part of a second. If he has this he is running.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

I. S. P. (York).—Try Messrs. Smith and Son, Admiralty Opticians, Strand, W.C.

E. J. (Colchester).—We believe that the average wage of an asylum attendant is £30 a year with board, washing, and beer.

"CHICOT" (Portobello).—Alleged original jest appeared in "Town Topics," two weeks ago. We like your cheek oh!

D. M. W. (Streatham).—The draughts must be placed so that each player's right hand corner square is vacant. If a piece is moved over the angle of its square, it cannot be withdrawn, the movement must be completed in the original direction.

K. F. (Lincoln).—Under National Hunt rules a horse in the case of a walk over need not jump the course. It is sufficient if the horse is weighed out for, mounted and ridden past the judge's box.

"DODO" (Brandesbury).—Yes, it is true that the white man is as malevolent to the nigger as the nigger is to the white man.

W. J. J. (Clydebank-on-Tawe, Swansea).—Have nothing to do with the firm you mention.

J. R. S. (Glasgow).—The Caxton Publishing Co. can supply you with the book you require.

THE SEASON OF SLEEP.

When Nature Reaches Her Quietest Moments.

Once the winds and rains have done their clearing work, there begins to settle upon the land a time of intense quiet, which has often wrongly been called the season of death. But the approach of winter, though unmarked by active growth, has no more of death about it, and perhaps no less also, than has the sleep of a human being.

Winter Life Underground.

There is always the rhythm of Nature's breathing if only one has ears to hear it.

It takes, however, a little deeper and more careful watching to understand that there is still activity in the open air.

For the vast majority of living creatures the season is not one when they are busily engaged in their principal business of rearing young. With only themselves, individually, to look after, life is shorn of the greater part of its meaning for them, and in consequence there is less obvious activity.

With all their natural cover stripped from hedges and trees, and the luxuriant grass and other crops reduced to a minimum, they have no inducement to show themselves more than is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of life on a minimum of food.

And having to live most of their winter life underground, sleep takes up a large proportion of their time.

Though the fields lie dark, and cold, and still, with mists almost always hanging over the furrows of the ploughed land, there are, nevertheless, going on many changes which, like most of Nature's work, is done silently. All the intricate chemical changes that renew the strength of the soil are slowly being accomplished. Old, worn-out "rubbish" of last summer is being converted into priceless material which will reappear in different form in next year's harvests.

Rains, winds, frosts, snow, and pale winter sunshine are also doing their silent work of regeneration.

If we recall the unbounded luxuriance of the summer landscape we shall better appreciate the need for such refreshment.

The conventional "dreariness" of winter, especially of winter in the country—for there are no seasons of Nature in the town beyond differences of temperature—has more in it, thus regarded, than it is usually credited with.

An Exquisite Sight.

Though the trees may be bare, the fields sodden with rain, the wild life scanty and difficult to see, and the days often leaden and always brief, there is silently going forward a process more intimately connected with the actual soil than any of summer's obvious activities.

And there can be none with any eye for beauty who will deny that the winter setting of any landscape is in its way full of beauty. To confine beauty of Nature to spring and summer is to admit gross ignorance of the earth, and a contracted ideal of what is beautiful.

There can, surely, be few sights more exquisite than the dark, almost purple heart of the wood, illuminated by the big, round, silently sinking sun, red and majestic as it falls into the haze behind the tall tree trunks! There can, again, be few sights more attractive—but space is filled. Winter beauty must wait till next week.

C. EASTON GREY.

"Modern Man" says:

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Equip yourself with a lifebelt which will carry you safely through the buffeting waves of Competition, and land you at last, high, glorious, and glad, upon the safe sands of Business Success. Study the "New Rapid" Method of Sloan-Duployan Shorthand.



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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

At last we see a silver lining to the clouds.

The war in the Far East looks like coming to a quick finish without complications among the European Powers.

This will be a bull point, so I advise my readers to help themselves now to stocks or shares they particularly favour, so as to be in before any big rise.

Rhodesia is the market most likely to jump ahead first, and the best here is the Rhodesian Central Mining 10s. Shares, at about 11s. to 11s. 6d.

Good news is still being received from the mine, and my opinion is that these shares are likely to appreciate many shillings in price in the next few months.

Another good share is Rhodesian Land and Minerals, the shares being at an extremely low quotation at the present time, viz., 4s. to 4s. 6d. for the 5s. shares.

When I advised my readers to buy these about two months ago, before the Balkan trouble had caused all stocks and shares to slump, they stood at 6s. to 6s. 6d., and my advice to all readers who purchased some of these shares at that time is to average now by buying more at the present figure, for not only are you likely to see the shares at 6s. again in the next month, but I look with confidence to them going to 8s. or 9s. this winter.

Land in Rhodesia is becoming worth more every day, and this company owns some 945 square miles.

Many of my readers have asked me about Amalgamated Properties, one of Sir Abe Bailey's Companies.

Before the slump these shares stood at about 4s., and although they are more or less a gamble, they should be worth buying at present price, about 2s. 10d., as they are bound to be put better when the improvement comes in the Rhodesian market.

The Oil share market fails to develop activity, but much better times are bound to come here.

It is extremely difficult to find Oil shares that one can honestly recommend as sound and likely to considerably improve.

The pick of the bunch in my opinion is Spies Petroleum, as this is an excellently managed Company, and the shares at 23s. are certainly worth securing.

Of course, Shell Transport £1 shares at present price, 5 1-16, are all right, but this price may be one that the majority of my readers cannot well aspire to, otherwise the shares are well worth holding.

Premier Oil and Pipe Line I am doubtful about, as I cannot help feeling that the Company is over-capitalised, although they pay a 10 per cent. dividend, and the present price of the shares is only 17s. Of course, there is in their favour the fact that they have opened up one or two more wells lately that are producing a lot of oil.

Once more let me impress readers here that if they want to deal in any shares they should do so with a member of the Stock Exchange.

I cannot too strongly drive this point home. At all times I shall be pleased to give you the name of a reliable broker.

Only again this week I have had one of my readers write to me sending all the correspondence from a bucket shop, proving that they have swindled him out of £30, but it is my hope by exposing this individual to either get my reader his money back, or have the individual removed from his hunting ground.

There are many good little shares worth picking up in the rubber market, where the companies are steadily improving, and their rubber output growing year by year.

In such instances you have the opportunity of buying now before the shares rise to inflated figures.

These remarks apply particularly in the case of Dolo Rubber 4s. shares at 3s. 6d., Bikam 2s. shares at 4s. 6d., Chersonese 2s. shares at 3s. 3d., Sengat 2s. shares at 2s. 6d., x.d. Singapore United 2s. shares at 2s. 3d., and United Sumatra 2s. shares at 7s. 6d.

All these shares are paying dividends from 5 per cent. upwards, so that they are investments of an improving nature.

Of the higher priced shares in the rubber market, I look upon the pick of the bunch to be Pataling 2s. shares at about 38s. 6d. Here we have a Company paying 250 per cent. dividend, therefore showing a return of over 12 per cent. on the present price of the shares.

There was some aggressive buying of Kentish Stocks in the Home Railway market last week, and although profit taking followed, fresh buying proved sufficient to absorb offerings.

S.E. Deferred have risen some four points, and Little Chats two points.

Metropolitans have kept steady, but Districts, as I predicted, are again on the improve, and cannot help going much better. The traffic increase again this week is very substantial.

District Ordinary at 39½ are a most excellent lockup, and with the market favourable, I still look to see Districts at 50 before the end of the year. A ten point rise would be nice in your pocket, and I feel certain you can secure it if you buy now.

Another excellent lockup that I continually recommend to my readers among Colonial Railways is Grand Trunk Third Pref.

Grand Trunk Third have been to 60 this year, and I look for them to reach this figure again before the end of the year. The present price of the stock is 52, and readers with money to spare cannot do better than invest it in Grand Trunk Third Pref and District Ordinary.

The public rarely get such an opportunity as is now offered to them in these two stocks, and I therefore impress upon you the advisability of taking the fullest advantage of the low prices now ruling.

The chief feature in the industrial market during the past week has been the active demand for National Steam Cars on the excellent traffics and general progress being made by this company.

The shares, which had dropped back to 30s., rose to 32s. and 6d., and cannot help going much better.

Marconi's have been see-sawing around £5, but the shares are best left alone by my readers.

The Areated Bread Co. has had a record year, and at the general meeting held last week Mr. George Edwards, J.P., said they had the satisfaction of finding their profits to be over 20 per cent. more than in the previous year. The actual profit for the year was £56,518.

The A.B.C. are opening one or two more new shops in important positions, and as there is every prospect now of the Company going ahead and making bigger profits than the current year these shares should be worth buying at about 3½.

SEND YOUR FORECASTS.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.

Amalgamated Press Ordinary have again improved in price, and should still be worth purchasing at about 7½. ORTHOS.

BRIEF REPLIES.

H. S. & J. (Bearwood).—It would be best for you to pay the money into the P.O. Savings' Bank in your joint names.
F. BROWN (Huddersfield).—I do not think stocks and shares are likely to go lower now, on the contrary all markets are on the improve. Among mines you should buy Rhodesian Central Mining at 11s., or Exploring Land and Mineral at 4s. 6d. Follow my notes about Rubber shares.
S. R. (St. John's Wood).—Spies Petroleum are the best buy in the Oil market.
S. COX (Leeds).—I think at present price Singapore Para Rubber are over valued, but if you have any of the shares they are worth holding for dividends, as although the company paid one per cent. less this year, it was put to heavy expenses building hospitals, etc., but the company's prospects are fair, and the rubber production for the four months of this year is greatly in excess of that of last year. United Sumatra are all right, also Dolok Rubber.
ANXIOUS (Tunbridge Wells).—Hold on to your Chartered as all things Rhodesian are likely to improve and land in Rhodesia is appreciating.
AMBITIOUS (London).—You certainly bought Brazilian Traffic at the wrong moment, but instead of cutting a loss take the shares off the market at the special settlement this week, as the group under control here are bound to put them better. I am inclined to think they will again go over par.
C. G. (Sunderland).—Lever Bros. preference shares are worth buying. Hold your Great Northern Deferred and buy some District Ord. at 39½.
J. R. (Edinburgh).—As you are prepared to look up the money I should put £500 in Grand Trunk Third Pref. and London and Brighton Deferred should be all right at 89½.
W. H. (Leicester).—A good speculation is Rhodesian Central Mining at 11s., and Dolok Rubber at 3s. 6d.
S. E. (Sydenham).—I have repeatedly advised you in my notes not to have anything to do with bucket shops, but if you will send me all your correspondence I will do what I can in the matter.
THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

ON THE ROAD.

Cycle Notes and Bargains.

The only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free Exchange Bureau is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed in the next column.
Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

All Blacks.

As an all weather rider I cannot understand why the excellent example of the push bicycle manufacturers in supplying all black machines for winter use, is not followed by the makers of motor cycles. A bicycle thus constructed, devoid of any plating, can be ridden in all weathers, left out in the rain all night, and yet can be cleaned in five minutes.

True some motor cycle makers recognise the obvious advantages of such a finish and black certain parts of their machines, but with glorious inconsistency the parts of the machine so treated happen to be the most accessible, such as the handle bars, parts like the hubs, where the rust fiend creeps in slowly but surely are still plated, so the advantage gained is practically nil.

No Increase in Taxation.

After being kept in suspense for some considerable time it is a relief to learn that, at any rate for the present, no increase in the taxation of motor vehicles is to be made.

This, however, is no indication that the matter is settled once and for all, and it behoves all motorists to keep a wary eye on those who regard the motor as an easy victim for taxation, and to remember that in opposing any unjust legislation that "Union is strength."

It is interesting to note several motor cycles are rendering good service to their owners, who are in attendance at the scene of operations in the present Balkan War, in the capacity of war correspondents, photographers, and cinematograph operators.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Brown, 34 h.p., B. and B., spring forks, non-skid, Bilt accumulator, £8, or offers.—A. Floramond, 10, York Place, C.-on-M., Manchester.
Bargain, 34 h.p., new frame, tank, B. and B., M.O.V., coil ignition, smart, powerful, £12 10s.—S7, Windsor Terrace, Colne, Lancs.

CYCLES.

New Hudson, all black, £10 10s., 3-speed, gear case, 24-inch, new last month, sacrifice £6 6s.—Cycle Box 30, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE

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EVERYONE IS GOING IN FOR THE "MODERN MAN" FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

THE WEEK'S RACING.

By "The Old Hand."

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

Now that Ultimus has gone out of the Derby Cup, Clarenceau holds pride of place on his own account, and despite his big weight is a very likely candidate. It will be remembered that he won this race last year, after being down the course in the Cesarewitch, and there are more unlikely things than that he will repeat his victory.

One hardly knows what to say about Balscadden, after his ignoble display in the long distance race at headquarters. He has two ways of running, and that sort of animal is no good to anyone, no matter how good he may be when doing his best. Marcolica is a wonderfully improved horse, and I shall be surprised if he does not take care of such as Rathlea and others of his like.

Of the Manton pair, Martingale II. and Papavero, I have most fancy for the latter, who I understand has been subjected to a thorough preparation for the race. She only gets 4lbs. from Balscadden for a five lengths beating in the Prince Edward Handicap, but she was nothing like herself that day, and will no doubt strip an altogether different mare on this occasion. Election gave St. Crispin 14lbs. and a head at Leicester recently, and can be made out to hold a chance, but he is another of those who hardly ever run twice alike, and for that reason I shall leave him out.

Columbus had to be stopped in his preparation for the Cesarewitch, but is going on all right again now, and being a good stayer will have to be taken into account. Warlingham has an altogether different task here to when he created a surprise at Newmarket, and I shall be greatly surprised if he completes the double. Mr. Sievier has a second string in Montry, but he appears to be outclassed in this race, and the prospects of the Member for Hoxton leading in the winner do not appear very rosy. Lorenzo may have run in the Liverpool Cup, and should he have earned a penalty, his chance would be extinguished for this race. If on the other hand he has no further penalty, he will have to be reckoned with. Of the others, I have most liking for Wagstaff, who, I think, represents the danger to

PAPAVERO.

Other selections for the week are:—

BIRMINGHAM—Monday.

Birmingham Handicap: PARAVID.
Coventry Nursery: WATTEAU.
Atherston Handicap Plate: GREY.

DERBY—Tuesday.

Chesterfield Nursery: AMULET.
Markeaton Plate: BEAUREPAIRE.

DERBY—Wednesday.

Allestree Plate: HAMERTON.
Osmaston Nursery: LIGHT BRIGADE.

DERBY—Thursday.

Chaddesden Plate: NOMENOE.
Friary Nursery Plate: CHEROKEE ROSE.

DONCASTER—Friday.

Clayton Three-Year-Old Handicap: EARLY HOPE.
Falmouth Nursery Handicap: DISGRACEFUL.
Harewood Handicap: SIR MAX.

DONCASTER—Saturday.

Durham Handicap: STAR OF DOON.
Downe Nursery Handicap: SNOW SURF.

NEWBURY—Friday.

November Nursery Handicap: AMULET.
Beckhampton Three-Year-Old Handicap: ENGLAND.

NEWBURY—Saturday.

Newbury Autumn Handicap: DUKE OF SPARTA II.
Reading Nursery: WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

MASCULINE CORSET WEARERS.

Really, I had no idea that the topic of corsets for men would prove of such widespread and absorbing interest to my readers.

At the same time my space is limited, and this must be my last word on the subject.

In last weeks' *Modern Man* there appeared a curious letter from "W.B." of Bradford, who not only gloried in wearing tight-laced corsets, but confessed to a predilection for sporting ladies' underwear.

"W.B." may have been indulging his sense of humour, but if in earnest his letter merely confirms my impression that, invalids excepted, the masculine wearer of corsets usually belongs to an unmentionable class of a male person who, however, is accurately described by a little word of four letters, which, I have no doubt, my readers will be able to identify.

OPINION WANTED.

Here, as a change from corsets, I offer you another controversial topic: Should the master of a house raise his hat to his domestic servant on meeting her out-of-doors? Be as brief as possible, please.

TWO POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

The editor has passed on to me two letters which raise points of etiquette. After all, manners are part of the outer man, if the best and most genuine manners are founded on an "inward and spiritual grace."

Number one correspondent, "E.L.H." of Lymington, asks whether "it is correct for a young man to have 'Mr.' before his Christian name on his cards, as a friend tells me it is not."

Your friend, "E.L.H.," is misinformed. Whether you have the "Mr." or not is entirely optional, though to-day what preference there is, is in favour of the prefix.

The practice of dropping the "Mr." originated at Oxford and Cambridge, where a custom arose by which only "Honourables" used the "Mr." on their visiting cards.

Many ex-University men adhere to the practice, but on the whole, as I say, the "Mr." is now more favoured than not, and personally I think that the "misterless" card lacks dignity.

MARITAL MANNERS.

"Non de Script," of Bedwas, Monmouthshire, asks the next question, which is: "Why is it that so few men raise their hats when meeting their wives, and yet will pay this little act of courtesy to any other lady though she may be but a slight acquaintance?"

"Is it a case of familiarity breeding contempt?"

I daresay it is, though I should prefer to say that the true explanation is that many men are at heart ill-mannered bores whose politeness is entirely superficial and artificial.

They raise their hats to a feminine acquaintance because they are afraid of her talking about their rudeness if they didn't, but having no real respect for women, they ignore their wives from some utterly mistaken notion that it would be a waste of time to show ordinary courtesy to them. Of course, there must be reason in this as in all things.

A husband and wife may meet several times in the course of an hour or two, and there is no need for the husband to salute his wife on each occasion, any more than he would raise his hat more than once to another lady in the same circumstances.

A gentleman, however, will salute his wife on every occasion that he would take off his hat to another lady.

WINTER SPATS.

Spats will be popular this winter, and the favourite colour for them will be fawn. At the same time, dark greys and blues will be in demand.

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advs. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gramophone, hornless, inlaid Sheraton cabinet, height 4ft., tone arm 12in., turntable, speedometer, completely enclosed, lovely clear tone, purchased this year, photograph; further particulars, reason explained; approval willingly; quantity records; £5 5s.—3, Aubert Park, Highbury, London.

Vacancy for approved Journalistic Pupil, in the (London) offices of the Editor—Proprietor of several well-established periodicals covering a wide field. Thorough practical training in every branch, literary and commercial, with sub-editorial or other position when competent. Premium of £200, returnable in progressive salary.—Address Ambition, Box 148, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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Send for list of 3,500 genuine bargains of every description; post free; astounding value.

25/- GENT.'S £5 Double-breasted Winter OVERCOAT, 40in. breast; superior quality heavy dark-grey frieze with tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs; made for motorist by West End tailors; never worn. Approval.

10/6 Gent.'s 18ct. gold-cased keyless lever watch, improved action (John Forrest, London), 10 years' warranty, absolutely perfect time-keeper; also double curb albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Week's free trial. Together, great bargain. 10s. 6d. Approval.

29/6 (Original price £5 15s.) Valuable double-barrelled breech-loader gun, top lever, 12 bore, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; new condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £9 9s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

10/6 ORGAN TONE MELODEON; magnificent 37s. 6d. instrument, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords, rich, powerful tone, in perfect order; sacrifice, 9s. 6d.; approval.

4/9 Knitted CARDIGAN JACKET; (Worth 15s.).—Gent.'s Well-made reliable quality; unworn; approval.

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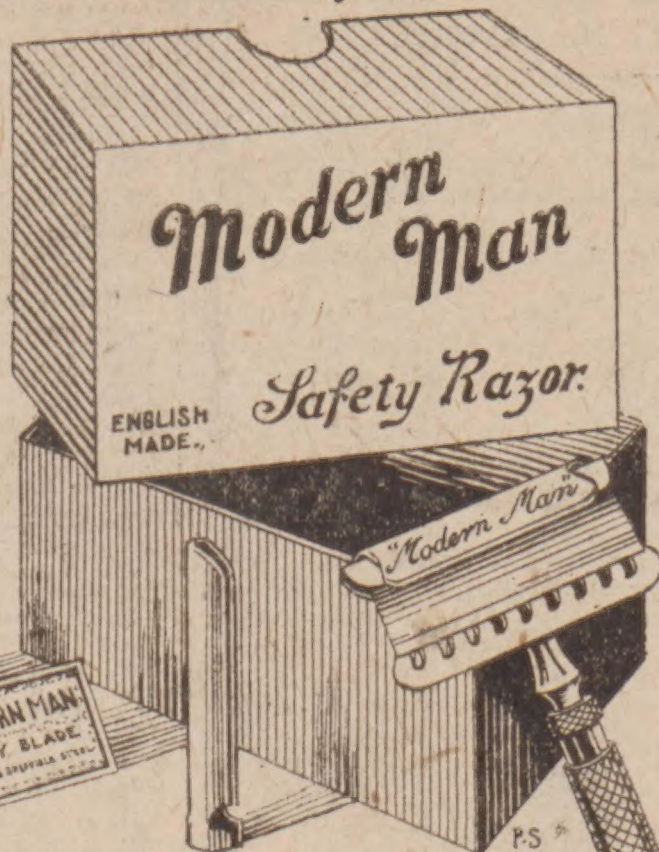
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